

# Persian Legacy by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Usually it starts by, you know, crossing out mostly you know  
One neighborhood will put their writing on the wall, and then, you know  
We come in right next to it, or cross em out, and they will cross us back out  
And then it gets into, umm you know  
Maybe a fist fight, then maybe guys gets knifed behind it. And then shooting  
And then someone dies, and they might wanna get back at us, if they do get back at us  
We go down and might kill two of them, then they will come back and maybe get one of us  
And we will go back and get two or three more  
It just goes on and on, it don't stop"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This is slang warfare akhi, I don't got the time for that  
This Charter Arms 5 shots spin 'em like a laundromat  
Tony Rome wop shit, rocking the fedora hat  
Its bloody money, bloody bodies, homie this is horror rap  
The block full of Gestapo, its hotter than Honolulu  
We military minded, and we ridin' like Shaka Zulu  
Its African tradition, so you have to honor Jushu  
And black Tibetan magic, just another kind of voodoo  
Camouflage regime, we maneuver through militias  
A man do the heavy lifting, bitches do the dishes  
How is you a shooter, when you shoot 'em and it misses?  
This Mossberg burn 'em and it doing it to bridges  
The gun connoisseur, the philosopher of iron shit  
Never sleepin', watching everything like it's a firestick  
Your talking real crazy for someone with no blicky  
And I ain't even know that the shooter was old fifty

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]

I tip-toe everywhere that I go  
Lay a motherfucker out I swear on my soul  
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one  
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun  
I tip-toe everywhere that I go  
Lay a motherfucker swear on my soul  
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one  
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yeah, offspring of the Juice Crew, that's part of my essence  
Makhi was legend before I even rapped on a record  
Apocalyptic apostle, see, I was born to rep it  
I craft mathematical lessons inside a message  
Sublime prime masterminds inside wide Benzes  
Circling their blocks, a killers in the crack vengeance  
Saw all my warriors still breathing, the saga's endless  
Imagine they'll breathe, they'll birth me and piss on my passion  
Manufactured and fire ghetto messiah blacksmith  
So nice would it been a curse just to live my life with  
Salems Lot to hells fire, the streets source to righteous  
Evaded federal cases, Supreme Court indictments  
For those locked in The Beacon, and trapped on Rikers Island  
Hold your crown in that cell, and seek for more enlightenment  
Let my lines be the strength and power you need to fight with  
All relies on your energy, go hard and ignite

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